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AND OVER THERE

LUTHER B. WILSON

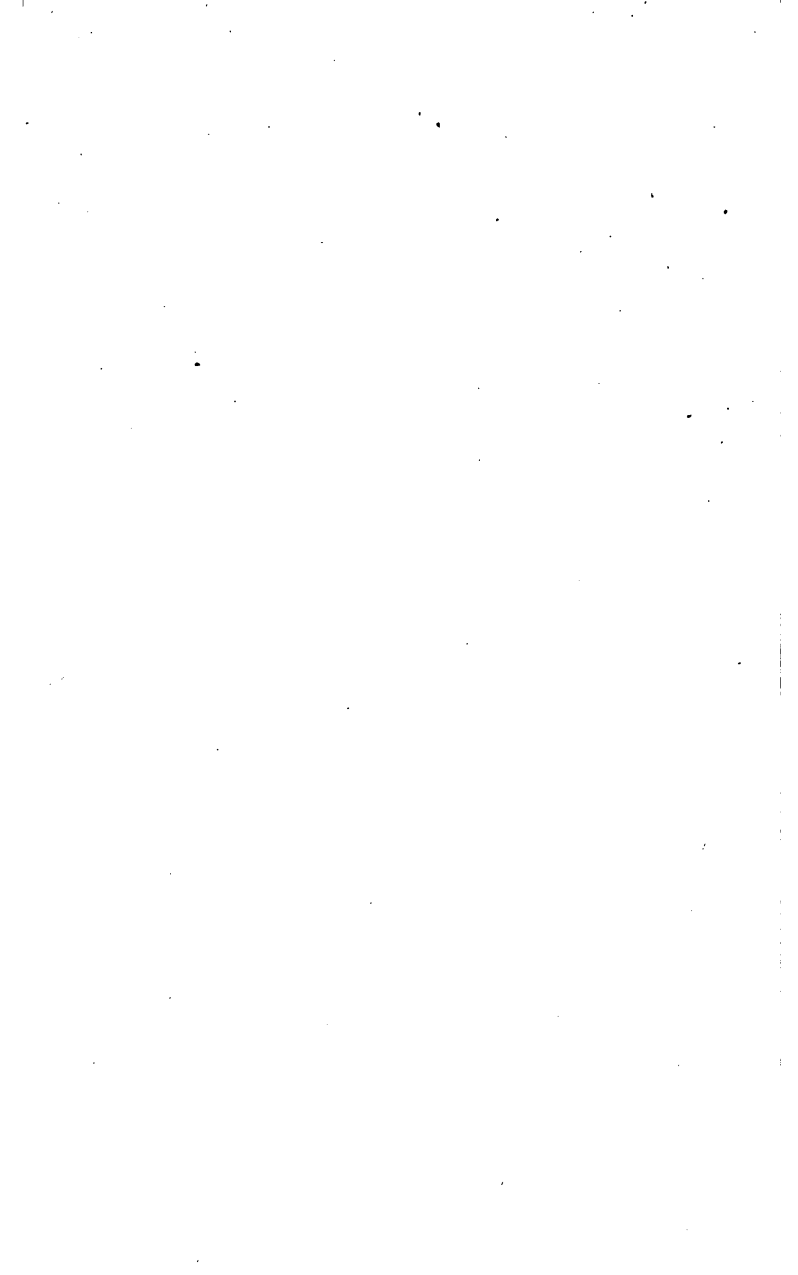
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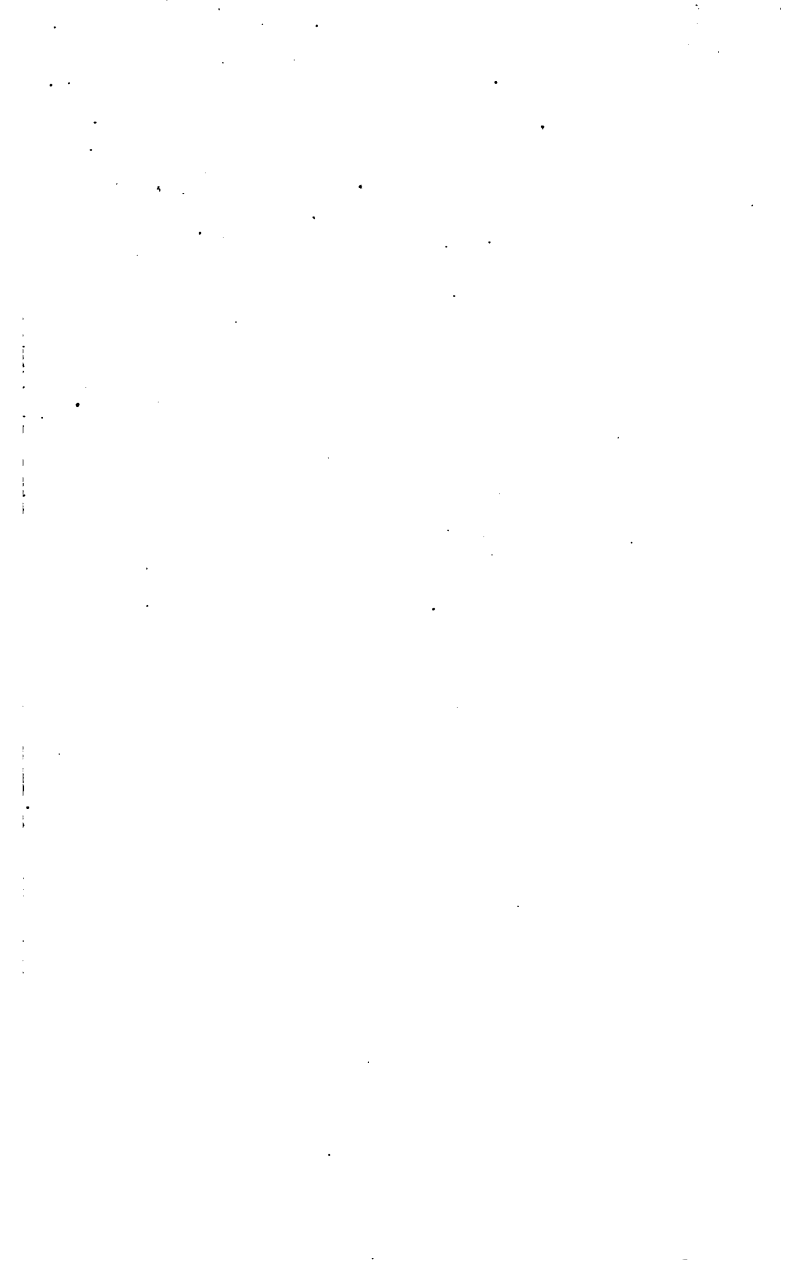


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PREFATORY NOTE

IN giving to the war addresses of Bishop Wilson the prominence and wider publicity of the printed page the Publishers feel that they are performing a patriotic duty. Wherever the Bishop has gone he has been greeted by large audiences and has been heard with enthusiasm. His experiences at the front, in Italy and France, his conferences with General Pershing and with the leaders in the remarkable work of the Y. M. C. A., enable him to speak from first-hand knowledge. These addresses were stenographically reported and retain, as is fitting, something of the flavor of the spoken word—they are addresses, spoken from the heart, not essays deliberated and elaborated in the quiet of the study. As these pages are running through the press the Bishop is

PREFATORY NOTE

again over seas on an important mission to some of the leaders of our Allies. The Publishers are confident that in this more permanent form these patriotic utterances of this militant minister of the cross will be received and read with the keenest interest and appreciation.

I

OVER THERE

SOME one has said that every man loves two nations—his own and France. My own love for France was deepened last year when, by invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association, I was privileged to visit France and Italy and England. Coming into the French republic, I saw as I had never seen before the reason for the name that attaches to it in our common thinking—Beautiful France; and I came to recognize that there must be given to it another name in this day, and in the days to come—Sad France, for one sees constantly the evidences of sorrow, and is impressed that as France has been the center of the world's passion, it is now the center of the world's sacrifice.

Shortly after the coming into France

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a little group of us had the privilege of visiting Italy. Going over the eastern frontier from Turin to Milan and Venice, to Udine, and from Udine, which was the headquarters of the general second-in-command in the Italian army, we went out to the firing line over roads some of which modern Italy has inherited from ancient Rome, and some of which are monuments of the skill of modern Italy in road construction. We passed through the valleys, over the hills, and up the mountains and down by the sea, and looked not only on the army in preparation for battle but also on actual warfare.

From a little town, Monsalcone, on the Adriatic, we were able to look across the waters of that sea and into the city of Trieste, near enough to see its houses and the landmarks near to the city. We were near enough to hear the orders given through the telephone to the Italian gunners, indicating that the fire at that particular moment was to be

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four degrees to the left of a point at which we were looking on the hill, the range being 6,700 feet. Between us and the objective toward which the Italian guns were directing their fire it was very easy to discern the front line trenches of Austria and Italy, and see the barbed wire entanglements that marked the line of separation. We saw the artillery duel as it took place that day, felt the tremor of the earth as it shook beneath the fire of the Italian guns, and saw the flash of the Austrian guns as they were turned to fire our way.

From the cemetery of Sabotino we looked down on the movement of the Italian infantry, and saw the troops as they moved along the road in full view of where we were. They rested for a while in the protection of the rocks, and then when the Austrian fire was lessened a bit, they turned the corner of the road and ran up and took their places in the front line trenches. And

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we saw what every patriotic American would have been extremely glad to see—some of the Austrian prisoners as they ran down the mountainside. The old proverb reads, “The wicked flee when no man pursueth,” but it could be modernized by adding, “And they make better time if some one is after them.” In this instance those who were running down the mountainside seemed to be laboring under the impression that someone *was* after them, and they were making very excellent time in their departure from that particular vicinity.

It was tremendously interesting to follow in the line of the Italians and see the great captive balloons as they were held in place in order that the observers might look beyond their own battle line into the region of the enemy. It was exceedingly thrilling to see the artillery duel and notice the character of the different shells as they were indicated and differentiated by the smoke ascending from them. And it was a

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great privilege to come in contact with the representatives, chiefly of the army, some who had been dwellers here in America and who had gone back to register their devotion to the cause of liberty as it was represented in the attitude of Italy. I stood beside the Duke of Aosta and watched the artillery duel as it was in progress over the Hermada, one of the ranges that seemed to us at the moment to be the last line of defense. Here it was that we heard that the king of Italy was in the trenches with his men and we came from Italy with the feeling that here was a nation of which the Entente Allies might well be proud.

Italy manifests a fine spirit of unity. There is exemplified in its army among its officers and men that spirit of comradeship that ought certainly to exist in every army, and there was a calm and steadfast manner of performing the tasks that each was set to accomplish that was most inspiring in every way.

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This was true not only of the generals in command, and of the junior officers of the army, but it was true also of the men we saw wherever they were—in lonely places, in little groups, or feeling the inspiration of the comradeship of large companies.

The Italian reverse which came a little later is not at all difficult to explain, and I think is not in any sense to be attributed to any weakening of the spirit of Italy. Many causes doubtless conspired to bring about the retreat which, according to some of those that have commented upon it, seemed almost a rout. And it is not at all difficult to understand how it would be so. But Italy has gathered courage and has regained the spirit of persistent endeavor, and, strengthened by the men of France and Great Britain and America along that very peculiar battle line, one of the most difficult battle lines, I suppose, that any nation has ever undertaken to hold in the presence of a great enemy,

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is at present giving a very fine account of herself. I am saying this word concerning Italy because in the beginning of the conflict the decision of Italy to maintain neutrality rather than ally herself with Germany and Austria in the prosecution of the war meant very much to the side with which we are now identified. If Italy had done as Germany expected her to in the beginning, it would have released from that Austrian front all the Teutonic forces that are required to guard it; it would have held on the French front those of France whose presence was sorely needed in the army of the Entente Allies, and at the same time it would have given to the Teutonic lines the strength of that Italian army. And when you remember that at this present time there are four millions of Italians in the army, you can recognize the significance of such a fact, and with the release of the Austrians, and the admission of the Italians and the

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necessity of the French to guard their frontier, one might well be troubled to think of what could have happened in the beginning of the war.

We came back into France and visited many of the cities of that beautiful country; cities beside the sea; cities to which men of America are coming these days; cities where the naval forces of America at that time were having their rendezvous. We visited too the cities that were remote from the sea and remote from the firing line. In France one sees that the French nation is really putting into this conflict the full measure of its strength, not only the strength of manhood but the strength of womanhood.

You go through the little towns or the larger towns, and you do not see any men of military age, except the men that are wearing the uniform, and many of the towns seem to be almost entirely forsaken, even of women. In the factories of France to-day the women are

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doing the work that a while ago the men were doing, and the women are in the munitions plants accomplishing the task that before this present war no one thought of accomplishing except by the help of man. And you are to remember also that in all the vocations of life, in all the activities of business, wherever it has been possible to substitute womanhood for manhood, that substitution has taken place.

I would pay my tribute to the Red Cross at this moment, the Red Cross which has put the protection of its love over the forsaken children of France; and not only has sought to minister to the children where the parents are still living, but where the parents are drawn from the fireside in order that they may strengthen this movement of civilization against militaristic autocracy. The Red Cross is making a very direct contribution to the activity and strength of the army at the front in its particular way; for as the Red Cross has taken

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care of the children and has guarded the interests of the home, womanhood has been released, and womanhood's release has in turn released manhood for the front line of battle.

And as you go through the cities and country of France to-day you do not look at the things that you used to think of chief importance. You are not so careful to think of the dust of dead kings as you are to think of the power of living kings. You are not so interested in the habitations of royalty long ago as you are in the homes of the common people of to-morrow and your interest is constantly centered in that military force of France whose power must in so large a degree determine what the habitation of the common man to-morrow shall really be.

We went out from the city of Paris, a little group of us, visiting the huts of the Young Men's Christian Association—on that visit chiefly the huts that were in the service of the French army.

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It was a most interesting visitation that we had going out toward the battle line, coming to where we could hear the thunder of the guns occasionally, and then as we advanced and came nearer to the line where we could hear the constant thunder of the guns, and could see the evidences of the bombs that had been released from the aeroplanes—those great holes in the earth, thirty-five feet wide and perhaps ten or twelve feet in depth. In some of the little towns through which we passed the people were still living, but most of the houses had been shattered and schools had been closed and churches and schools that had not been shattered were used for the shelter of the wounded rather than for offices either of education or religion. I remember one of those little towns with its shattered walls and the poppies still growing on the top. It seemed a sort of prophecy of what I hoped would come to pass when from these broken and shattered walls, and

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all broken walls, the flowers of peace would again be blooming in loveliness.

On the French front, just as on the Italian front, you could watch the movement of the hostile aeroplanes. In one of these little towns we were ordered back to find shelter in the hut of the Young Men's Christian Association because of the movement of the German aeroplanes, and then we looked out from the sheltered place and saw the bursting of shells as the aeroplane was attacked, and while we did not see any of the shells actually strike we did see that the hostile plane was compelled to turn back to its own lines.

It was Sunday evening, in a little French town that was occupied chiefly by American engineers who were there to take over the management of one of the railroads running near to the front. Dinner consisted of left-over portions of what in military parlance was denominated as "chow." "Chow," I think, as well as I am enabled to interpret that

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military term, is a substitute for food, or words to that effect; and after we had partaken of the hospitality of our soldier friends, we went to service. This service was held in a tent on the hillside. Just out beyond this tent was a little cemetery, and down at the foot of the slight declivity was a long line of hospitals, and out of these hospitals they were bearing the bodies of those who had given themselves in sacrifice for freedom. They were bearing them to the little cemetery further along the hillside. As we went into the tent it was lighted by a single candle. Looking out under the sides of the tent, we saw the horizon illuminated by shell fire, and we heard the continuous thunder of war all during the service. All visitors that night spoke, I believe, and I was the last to speak, and after I had been speaking a moment or two the solitary candle which had been burning was extinguished, because a German aeroplane was passing over at that particular mo-

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ment. You may always reckon that the German hand that holds the bomb is ready to let it drop at the first object that really comes in sight.

After the services were over that night, we went in and took our place with the officers, or with the men, as circumstances determined. It was not the season of the year when you are accustomed to have the cold nights. However, after I had put on all the garments that I usually wear in the day, and added all the garments I usually wear at night, and all the blankets I had brought with me, and all the blankets that the officers were willing to intrust me with, I lay down to rest, and the problem that I tried to solve but did not succeed in solving was this—How to get both sides of me warm at the same time.

The next day we went to the city of Verdun, and passed through its streets, and saw its broken walls and desolated houses, and saw the city where there

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was no longer a single inhabitant above the surface, though there were many inhabitants beneath the surface. I cannot tell you all we saw there that hour. There was no shelling of the city during the particular time we were there, though the shells were falling there every day, just as we had seen them fall in Italy and elsewhere near the battle front of France.

Verdun is a word that is bound to linger in the memory of humanity as long as humanity has praise for courage. You will remember the great day when the Teutonic forces sought to find passage to Paris, prophesying that they would take dinner in Paris on the morrow, and the day after they would take dinner in London, and the day after, I suppose, would take dinner in the city of Washington. You will recall that when they came to face that battle line at Verdun there was a simple word uttered by the great commander of the French. Once spoken it ran along the

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line of men on guard and became immortal. "They shall not pass." That simple word from the lips of the leader became a thunderous prophecy as it was carried from man to man, until all the mighty hosts marshaled upon that frontier of civilization cried out: "They shall not pass! They shall not pass!" Under the inspiration of that great purpose men were wounded and seemed not to know it, men fell and in the delirium of fever were still crying out, "They shall not pass." And men died that day and were still moaning with their last breath, "They shall not pass." And you and I might well thank God that that great word rang out over all that city, and echoed about the hills that silently witnessed that display of more than human courage, for the men who guarded France that day guarded also America and humanity.

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II

A MESSAGE FROM PERSHING

AFTER viewing Verdun we went to the American expeditionary headquarters "Somewhere in France" and talked with General Pershing. And just here let me pay my tribute to General Pershing. General Pershing is seeking not only to lead the men of America to victory, but he is seeking in every way that the commander of a great force in a foreign country can to conserve the morality and preserve the morale of the American army.

After discussing some details of Association work, I said, "General Pershing, I am expecting to return in a little while to America, and when I get back I shall be speaking doubtless to gatherings large and small. What shall I say to America?"

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I shall never forget how the General turned his piercing eyes on me and said, "When you return to America, say to America that it is a great heresy to believe that Germany cannot be beaten. Say to America, 'Germany can be beaten, Germany must be beaten and Germany will be beaten.'"

Think for a moment of the first phrase—"Germany can be beaten." There is a reason why he should say Germany, instead of Austria or Turkey: because Germany has been the dominating force in this war, the leader of it, and it is the mailed fist of Germany that has smitten the heart of civilization in these last days. There is a reason for saying Germany can be beaten, because the thinking of very many men, in the days when things looked blackest, has been obsessed with the thought that perhaps Germany cannot be beaten, that her great militaristic power is as strong as Germany claims it is. And with this thought in their minds men fail to take

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account of the great strides that America has taken in the last year in building up an army of splendid manhood to join the armies of her Allies and make the word of Pershing history.

Germany can be beaten. Why? Because the Entente Allies will never give up till she is beaten. Because America will continue sending her men across the sea to stand alongside of the English and French soldiers until the task is accomplished.

Now think of that second word—"Germany must be beaten." Ask yourself, "Why must Germany be beaten, and why is it necessary for our men to be sailing over the seas, and why is it necessary for us here at home to lose the inspiration and strength of those who come not back?" And as you ask, you come to recognize that you are face to face with a serious, perhaps the most serious, fact that civilization has ever faced.

We must remember that it was not

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democracy that raised the issue that is before us in this war. Autocracy raised the issue in 1914. And we are bound to remember that "autocracy" and "democracy" are not empty words. I was reading only a day or two ago the utterances of one who posed as a very wise man in his day, and he said that it did not make any difference to him whether he lived under one government or any other government. But that was one of the worst blunders in the intellectual life of one who ordinarily thought wisely and spoke well. It does make a great deal of difference as to the ideals that dominate in this world, if you have a government that is represented by such a word as this: "The State? I am the State"; if you have a government represented by such a word as this: "There is no place for weak nations; there is no place for little peoples in the world." If you have a government whose ideal is a "government by princes, and of princes, and for

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princes," that is one thing. And that one thing is the exact opposite to the Lincolnian ideal, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." These conceptions are as far apart as high noon and midnight darkness.

All over the broad range of this country we are thinking about the democracy that shall be safe for the world, and we are saying that the democracy that shall be safe for the world is a democracy in which there shall be social justice, and in which also there shall be the uplifting of moral life. But let us not make a mistake. You cannot make a democracy that is safe for the world until first you have made a world that is safe for democracy. You cannot do it. All your ultimate schemes and programs are dependent for their results upon this that is near us. The larger program of social justice and worthy democracy can never be wrought out until you make a world that shall be safe for the play of

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such justice and such democracy. General Pershing is absolutely right. "Germany must be beaten." You cannot have the ideals of democracy realizing their largest fruition and fulfillment unless you have the destruction of the ideals of autocracy and tyranny.

Mr. Lincoln said that a nation that was half slave and half free could not live. I believe we are justified in saying that there cannot be any peace in the world while the world is half autocratic and half democratic. Autocracy itself has raised the issue. I do not contemplate the blotting out of the German people. It is not the German people in particular we are seeking to destroy, but what we are seeking is the destruction of the present crown, it is the ideal of the Hohenzollerns that we are seeking to kill. But let us see the thing as it is. If the German people shall rise to defend the ideals of the Prussian crown, and shall persistently maintain the ideals of the Prussian

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crown, you cannot reach those ideals impersonally, and you cannot reach, as far as I know, disembodied ideals; you reach ideals when ideals are embodied, and if the Prussian crown must be destroyed, then if the Germans shall rise to the defense of the Prussian crown, I see no way for civilization to accomplish this task save as it goes through or goes over the power that attempts the defense of that which is represented in the Prussian crown. It may not be the thing that one wishes. But I for one do not see how it is possible to avoid the necessity of it. *Germany must be beaten!* And when I am saying Germany must be beaten, I am saying that there cannot be any conclusion of this present conflict by any easy compromise or negotiation.

Doubtless you recall what Lincoln said at Gettysburg, "that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." If Germany is not beaten then all the ideals that were represented

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in Washington and in the great constructive forces of civilization that lie between Washington and this present age go for naught. Then those who died in that great struggle of the sixties, who died that the government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" should "not perish from the earth" have died in vain. Then those millions of men who have laid down their lives "somewhere in France," and somewhere to the southward of France since 1914, have also died in vain. I would to God that I could conjure up a picture and make those dead men walk before you. I would that we might see their broken bodies, and their pale faces as they fall into their graves. I wish we might hear their moans of anguish, and I would that, standing there in the presence of that multitude that can scarcely be numbered, it might be given to some prophet of this twentieth century to challenge the thought of civilization and demand, "Shall all this be in vain?" And it will

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be if the conflict ends just where it began. It will be if America and Great Britain and France and Italy sit at the council table with the representatives of the Teutonic nations and subscribe their names to any such peace as was forced upon poor, humiliated, impoverished Russia.

The greatest tragedy that the world could ever see would be the tragedy of the Entente Allies attempting to end this struggle without deciding the issues involved in it, and by some process such as is represented in the Trotskys of these last days simply haul down all the flags and turn all hero faces to the wall and beggar the ages of prophecy and promise by bartering away past and future alike for a mess of pottage at the hand of Germany. I pray God that the hand of any American Trotsky that would subscribe to peace upon any terms made by the Prussians or represented by the Prussian crown, may be palsied before it signs away the priceless

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treasures of humanity. I say with Pershing that "Germany must be beaten"; and "that Germany can be beaten." And I believe it with all my soul.

The third word is "Germany will be beaten." Let no man in America believe that the power of tyranny is going to pass away easily. Let no man think for a moment that we have given enough men to the war; that we have made contributions enough on this side of the sea to accomplish the supreme task. I say to you, men and women of America, that the more men you send to France the more men will come back from France. I say to you that the more ships you steam on the way and the larger your contribution of wheat, meat and munitions, and all that belongs to the carrying on of the war, the wiser the economy you practice, so will Germany be beaten.

Germany must be beaten! And when from sea to sea, when from lake to river

HERE AND OVER THERE

America shall be one in its readiness for sacrifice, in its readiness for service, I believe the day will come for which this heartsick world has so long been praying.

Let us go back to the sixties. I remember how in those old days men marched to the front singing those words of Julia Ward Howe's:

“In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
 across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
 you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
 make men free,
 While God is marching on.”

I came through the city of Chicago not long ago, and looking out into the starlight I saw the equestrian statue of General Grant. I spoke of it to my friend, and he said, “And there is also a statue of Abraham Lincoln.” And as I looked into the starlight it seemed to me that Grant was turned our way, and was ready to march out of the dim and

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shadowy past into the present, with the inspiration that attaches to his name. And then I thought of how you could go back to the very beginning, how from out of the days of Valley Forge Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton would fare forth on their mission of humanity, and how beside them Grant, and Sherman and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Albert Sidney Johnston would also ride out of that old past, seeing in the illumination of this new day great issues in new perspective—ready in the light of this new great day to give themselves in uttermost devotement to the task of making the world a safe world in which to live.

There are men in America to-day who heard the old song and marched away. Listen! Don't you hear the rolling of the drums? Don't you hear the blare of the trumpets? Don't you hear the hurrahs of those who saw the movement of that chivalrous and courageous host in the long ago?

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Tramp, tramp, tramp, over the hills
and through the valleys. Tramp,
tramp, tramp, and they join those on
the other side of the seas, and your sons,
and your brothers, and your husbands,
and your lovers join them—Tramp,
tramp, tramp.

“As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.”

And you cannot substitute anything
for it. You can send and send and give
and give, but when you have done all
this, you must be ready to die, if men
are really to be free. They have come
here. They are here. The great pro-
cession halts for a moment. O men
and women of America, fall in and for-
ward march, singing as they have sung,
and as they do sing,

“As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free!”

And so marching, dedicate ourselves
again in a new great purpose and com-

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pact with Almighty God and humanity. March on, for the ages are looking and humanity is waiting and God is calling, and if you know it, to-morrow shall be a day of victory, and upon the foundation of victory shall be placed the Prophecy of Peace, and all things of the earth shall be blessed in it, and on the boundary of that new age, you shall see float unashamed in the starlight and in the breezes this dear old flag you have loved, and it shall float unashamed in the starlight and in the breeze for a thousand years.

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III

AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR

ABOUT a year ago in the city of New York there was a distinguished company representing France, Great Britain, and America. Among those on that occasion were Marshal Joffre and Mr. Viviani from France, and Mr. Balfour from Great Britain. Mr. Joseph Choate, than whom there has been no more honored representative of our own people, was speaking. Whether he was speaking of the American people or for the American people would, I presume, be a matter of conjecture. But in the course of his address he cried out with vehemence and reverence—
“For God’s sake, hurry up.”

Many times I have asked myself as to the reason prompting these words. Let us think for a moment of what

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would have been likely to happen if America had not entered the conflict at the time she did. What would have happened if that mighty militaristic power of Germany had been able to master Great Britain and France and Italy, as she seems to have mastered Russia? Inevitably Germany, flushed with pride, and feeling that all her beliefs had been confirmed, and all her diplomacies ratified in heaven, would have tried to occupy Canada and Mexico, and to control the nations of South America. And who can doubt that having occupied the lands to the north of us, and to the south of us, and having her peculiar theories of government confirmed, as she would have interpreted, by the will of Almighty God; who can doubt, I say, that in a very brief time the hordes of Germany coming from the north and from the south would have overrun our land! So that it was not merely a question as to whether we should stand wholly aloof

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or enter the conflict. Necessity was laid upon us to enter the conflict. The only choice was this: to stand beside our allies, as they now are, upon the soil of France, or, postponing the event, to accept conflict here upon the soil of America.

So I accept Mr. Choate's word not as the word of a dreamer, not as the word of one easily swayed by impulse or easily moved from the bearing of a very deliberate judgment. Mr. Choate felt that the time was opportune, considering the safety of our land. He was interested that government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth. He was concerned that what had been built up through the past generations by the constructive force of our civilization should not be lost. He was interested that what had been gained by our civilization, either in this constructive force or in the force that appeared at the time as destructive, should still be preserved

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to us and to our children, and continue a part of the assets and possessions of the civilized world. Safety prompted such a word as this. That great American felt that the hour was so significant, that the considerations were so compelling as to admit of no further delay in America's assumption of responsibility and duty.

Safety, however, is not the only consideration; there is also the consideration of honor. Suppose that Germany had not sunk the *Lusitania*. Suppose that none of our ships flying our flags and bearing our citizens had gone down at sea. Suppose that there had been no such indignity offered to our representatives as was offered to Mr. Gerard and the other members of the embassy in Germany. Suppose that there had been no breach of propriety by the ambassador of Germany at Washington. Now we perfectly well know that there was breach after breach of propriety. We know that while Germany was still

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appearing to be at peace with America, and while the representatives of the German empire in Washington were still assuming to maintain a friendly attitude toward the authorities of the United States, there was constant intrigue and machination, and there was the constant effort to excite or stimulate hostility among our neighbors. We did not know the story quite so well a year ago as we know it now. But suppose there had been no attempt to misinterpret history in the interest of Prussianism. Suppose that it had been true that there had been no deliberate attempt upon the part of the pro-German propaganda in this country to belie and vitiate our citizenship. Suppose that Germany had really been playing the national game fairly with us, what then?

You read the story of what happened thousands of years ago, and the school boys who read it, the school girls who read it, if they are keen of mind, take sides with the representative powers,

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and penetrate into the motives that have dominated men in the great epochs of human history, and align themselves with the forces that, as it appears to them, stand for righteousness, and align themselves against the forces that appear to represent unrighteousness.

Mr. Choate said "For God's sake, hurry up." Why? Because altogether apart from that consideration of safety there was the consideration of the nation's honor. And honor has a larger value than peace, and honor has a distinctly greater value than the treasures of mine, and of field and of state. You can take away the gold and silver of a nation, and you may leave the nation just as great a nation as before. You may batter down the cities of a nation and the nation may be just as great a nation as it was before. But if you rob the nation of its honor, it is no longer a great nation. By no pretense and by no artifice of intellectual jugglery is it possible to make that nation great.

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Hurry up! Hurry up! Here is a great nation that has dominated its allies, that has used the events in Serbia as a reason for the projection of a war upon humanity. That is not my word, it is the word of one of the great Berlin dailies. When Austria dictated the terms to Serbia one of the German dailies made in effect this declaration. I cannot assume to quote the words, absolutely, but this was the statement in substance: "That such conditions had never been imposed by one nation upon another nation in human history, and the conditions imposed by Austria were so outrageous that they could only be interpreted as an attempt to project war." That is the utterance of one of the great German dailies. Now that great daily did not lodge responsibility where you and I believe responsibility lies, and where many of the public men of Germany declare responsibility did lie. Austria would have been ready, if left to herself, to dictate more rational con-

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ditions for the settlement of this matter with Serbia, and the incident would have been closed long ago and would have passed absolutely out of the thinking of mankind. But Germany did not want it so, and Germany would not have it so, and it was not the utterance of Austria, but it was the utterance of Germany that finally determined the unwillingness of both Austria and Germany to even delay consideration and determination of the matter. It was Germany that finally demanded an immediate concession to conditions that no nation with honor could possibly accept. That was well known. Germany was moving against humanity. Germany was invading civilization. German autocracy was seeking to drive its dagger into the heart of the world's democracy.

I have talked with men a good many times since the war began, and occasionally I have heard such an expression to the effect that it was an unfortunate

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thing that America declared war on Germany. I want you to remember that America did not declare war on Germany, but America recognized that a condition of war already existed. The sea is a great highway of the nations, and all the years, whether nations are great or small, they have a right to the passage of that highway. The ships of America were neutral ships. They had the right to move absolutely unmolested over that great highway. When dictation came as to when and how the ships of America should move and the course they should take it was an insult to the sovereignty of our nation. But that is not the reason we took up arms. It was because Germany and Austria had denied the rights of our common humanity and because militaristic power had assumed to outrage and violate all the rights that are inherent in sovereign cities and in every place throughout the world. Germany comes with her great guns thundering there at

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the gates of Belgium. While still at peace with western Europe she ran the lines of her railroad with the deliberate purpose of invading Belgium soil when the right moment for her advance upon French territory should have come.

And when the hour came the agent of the German empire speaking in the Reichstag said that they had dealt with their treaty in respect to Belgium as with a scrap of paper. They had violated the solemn compact that had been entered into. He, standing in his place in Berlin, said that Germany had committed a wrong, but he did not need to tell us that. We were quite sensitive to that wrong the moment that it was committed. And when Germany assumed to exercise its militaristic power for the violation of Belgian neutrality in order that in passing over Belgian soil she might invade France immediately, and a bit later invade England, she was deliberately trampling upon the rights of civilization.

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Therefore, when Germany invaded Belgium there was immediately that appeal to the United States that comes by the very gospel; comes by the very whisper of the divine voice in every chivalrous soul. It was the appeal to the strong to rise up when one was oppressed. It was the appeal to the strong to come immediately and stand beside those that were ruthlessly assaulted on the highway of the centuries. That was the attitude of Joseph H. Choate, and that is the attitude of America.

No man is able to enter into the thought of any other man. It is sometimes a difficult task to interpret your own thoughts and it becomes an impossibility when the thoughts are those of another man. Some have wondered why we did not sooner cast in our lot with the opponents of Germany. There was this advantage at least in delay. When President Wilson, acting in his executive capacity and sustained by the

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legislative department of our government, formally recognized that a condition of war already existed, the nation was united as it could not have been at any earlier time. When we consider the first year of America's participation in the war, it is perfectly marvelous what has been accomplished. Take, for example, such an incident as the Young Men's Christian Association asking during the year for thirty-five or forty millions, and having placed in its coffer an amount of from sixty to seventy-five millions of dollars. Think what the Red Cross asked and received in its drives. Think of the subscription to the Liberty Loans. Remember that this nation has been thinking in terms of peace rather than terms of war; in terms of industry, rather than in terms of war loans. None the less all the askings have been surpassed and we have uncounted billions for the next call.

But this is not the greatest thing. You can lend your money; you can

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give your money with a smile, and you can make your loan with a smile on your face, but out of the homes of the nation there have gone across the seas hundreds of thousands of our sons, and brothers, and lovers, and husbands, all "somewhere in France." The events of this year make it in truth a year of grace in our history—a year in which America has climbed to the level of a great new obligation and has chosen deliberately to enter into the kingdom of Service and Sacrifice. There were long days and weeks and months when France and Great Britain were down beside the seas scanning the horizon to discern, if possible, the coming over the crest of the wave of the ship with our flag flying at the peak. And there were long months, long, long months when she watched and watched in vain. But at length, the ship came over the horizon's edge and the flag was fluttering at the top, and as the men who had been on board marched through the streets of London

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one of the Englishmen who saw them through the crowd said that they looked to him like the "Salvation Army." It was a very happy expression just at that hour. And when they entered into Paris, marching up under that Arch of Triumph along the Champs Elysées, France, poor, sad, weary France, looked, and the eyes of France brimmed with tears, and the breast of France throbbed with a tumult of emotion that could find expression only in tears.

And in stricken Belgium, where the people are poorest, where most suffering has been endured, barefooted, half-naked, robbed of everything of which it was possible to rob them, there was dropped from one of the aeroplanes the statement of the fact that America was "over there." Then those barefooted people, half naked and more than half starved, drew their belts tighter and said, "We can endure two years longer now that America is with us in this fight."

HERE AND OVER THERE

IV

OVER HERE

You will remember that when General Pershing went over the seas he laid a wreath on the grave of LaFayette, and as he did so uttered the words: "LaFayette, we are here; LaFayette, we are here."

Now he was speaking for you and for me. He remembered the day when America was in difficulties. And the fact is that the difficulties you have in your own family are likely to be the most uncomfortable difficulties that you can have anywhere; and when you get up a real difficulty in such a family as that of Great Britain, why, you are likely to get things in a very uncomfortable situation before you get through. And things were not in a particularly happy condition between the

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mother land and the daughter land over the seas in that day. France it was that came over to stand beside us, and France's heart was larger than the French contingent in the American army in that day, and LaFayette splendidly represented and interpreted the heart of France. And Pershing was saying, "LaFayette, you came to help us in those good old days when the foundations of our national life were laid. LaFayette, we are here, we are here." And, O, how they had been watching and waiting for our coming!

Did Pershing mean by this word that only the men across the seas were there? I am very sure that Pershing did not mean simply that three hundred thousand, or any specific number of thousands or of millions, were there. That would be an utterly inadequate utterance for the commander-in-chief of the expeditionary force. I have not asked him, and I have no authority to assume the right of interpretation, but I am

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ready to believe that whatever else Pershing meant when he uttered these words, he meant to declare that America was there. America! Not simply represented in the uniformed force of the expeditionary army, but America in America, as well as America in France. "America is here!" That is the word of Pershing. Think of it for a moment. Most of us have near to our hearts, hidden in our love, bound to the altars of home and faith, sons or husbands or lovers in the army across the sea, or in the army in preparation for the crossing.

Now, what I want to ask is this: What right have we to demand of our sons, of our brothers, of our husbands, anything for the honor of the flag, or for the welfare of humanity, that they do not have the right to demand of us? We are saying to the boys over there, "Play the man!" I tell you that the walls of the centuries throw that word back to us and the echo comes back,

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“Do you play the man? Do you play the woman?” And you and I are not always doing it. Some of the days have been chill and we have been ready to do our bit of grumbling. I want to ask of you what the boys are doing over there? In those nights of August and September and October I was over there, and the nights were chill. They were so cold that with the garments that were available one was not able to keep perfectly comfortable.

And then you have the snows and biting winds of winter. I pray you when you write to the boys over there don't complain of the fact that you have been cold a little over here. It is very cold to stand up to your knees in the icy water of the trenches over there—very, very cold! Don't tell them about the sacrifices that you are making on wheatless days, and meatless days, and sweetless days, and all the rest of it. Don't tell them of that. They are making real sacrifices over there. They are meeting

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great hardships over there. It isn't the part of a good soldier to be complaining, and they have the right to ask that you and I shall be good soldiers over here. But when those ships were congested in the port of New York and somebody had the sagacity to devise a plan for getting them out, a great many of us were thinking far more of our personal comfort than we were of the success of the great enterprise. The men over there have precisely the same right to demand of us that we shall play our part as we have to demand that they shall play their part.

If there is any argument in the expectation of France, if there is any appeal in the monstrous atrocities practiced by Germany upon the weakness of those nations over there, the presence of our men at the front is a compelling reason for America, from highest to lowest, and through all the gamut of education and culture, and of wealth and social position, to be there. Our sons, our hus-

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bands, our brothers are there, and we must also be there; sympathetically we must be there; be there in the readiness to do our bit, as we are expecting them to do their bit, for we have no right to ask the soldiers of America to play the hero in France beyond that which the men in France have the right to ask the men and women here in America. We ask them to play the hero. They demand of us also to play the hero. And play the hero we must whether here or there.

We must not ask our boys over the seas to die to make men free and then avoid responsibility ourselves. They are going over and they are falling upon the field of honor. The sons of America are laying their poor, broken bodies on the fields of France as the purchase price of a new freedom for the world. They are singing it, and you and I must sing it. You do not go by easy paths to lofty summits. You do not buy with baubles the priceless treasures for the

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diadem of righteousness and love and honor in this world. You do not open prison doors, you do not lead humanity into new liberties save as you are willing to pay the uttermost price. They are withholding nothing there; we must be withholding nothing here. We must join our lives with theirs and in ways that shall be open to us join them in the expression of that great purpose that is not an empty dream, but under Almighty God is the providence of this very hour. We must link ourselves heart to heart and spirit to spirit in sacrifice and supplementing sacrifice, and you and I must to-day and to-morrow also advance, answering the beckoning hand of God singing as we go,

“As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
For God is marching on.”

If a new age is to come, an age of righteousness and justice, an age likewise of peace, and if the land we love and the flag we love are to have honorable

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place in the achievement of that day, we must make good "here" as well as "there."

"LaFayette, we are here, we are here." The sons are here, the fathers are here, the lovers are here, but the mothers also are here, and the sisters are here, and the sweethearts are here, and the children are here, and America from sea to sea and from lake to gulf is here. And when I say that word I am trying to say a very practical word. I do not mean simply in the aggregate of units constituting population, but I mean also in the integrity of units. This is no time for party spirit to rise superior to statesmanship. This is no time for partisanship to rise superior to patriotism. If we are all to be there, and if we are to be all there, we must come to live on a new level of national life, and so realize that prophecy and promise of General Pershing.

Now, many have come to these shores from that German nation, and many of

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them have been as loyal and devoted friends of the ideals of America as any man born here, or as any man who ever came from the other nations of the earth. It is not a question of when they came. They may have come last month or last year, and their speech may still be a speech which, with its broken utterances, betrays the land of their birth, but if they are loyal to our flag, our heart's great doors are open to them absolutely, and all honor is theirs, and our hand is theirs. But if there came last year or twenty years ago, whether of the first generation or of the fourth or of the tenth generation, one who represents a family fleeing from militaristic Germany, coming under the protection of this flag, to gather fortune and build a home, and who exercises the privileges of citizenship to betray this flag, and put America under the heel of the tyrant from whom he himself fled, he is not an American, he is a traitor and deserves only the treatment of such.

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All of us are here because either we were born here or came here. If we were born here, we have grown up under the protection of the flag and have gathered to ourselves all of the treasures of our civilization, and have been enriched by them. We should defend them, should we not? And those who came over the seas seeking protection under this flag, from that very central power of Europe in order to escape its militaristic tyranny, and found what the ideals of this new land were, it did not cost them any more to go back than it cost them to come over. I think it is a perfectly legitimate thing to ask of anybody who rises to defend the autocracy of the German crown, "If you like that sort of thing, why in the name of heaven didn't you stay there and enjoy it? And if it is so wonderful why not go back to it?" We have been so considerate of our enemies that we have been altogether inconsiderate of our friends. We have been so exceedingly

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careful lest we wound the sensibilities of those who have come from out these central nations that we have been cruelly inconsiderate of our national ideals.

We rejoice that the Legislature of Wisconsin last spring held up to the scorn of civilization one of its citizens whom it had honored, but who himself failed to honor the State. It had given him the high privilege and obligation of representing the citizenship of that great commonwealth, but in the day of testing he gave courage only to the enemy, and misrepresentation where there had been lodged the responsibility and obligation of representation. If there be men like him in the United States, America would do well to give them entertainment at the public expense in some quiet and retired place far removed from the noise of the multitude. No man is competent to represent a town, borough, or city, and far less a great State, who is not able to

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discriminate between the right of private speech in common times and the wrong of seditious utterances in days of war.

There can be no question about it, men and women of America. There are only two classes here in America—those that are with us and those that are against us. And we do not ask where he came from. We do not ask how broken is his speech. We do not ask how unlike the ideals of America the home still may be, if he stands this day saying, "I am with you." Then the heart of America is open to him and the hand of America is outreached to grasp his.

We have had to deal in America with the problem of the conscientious objector. Someone may raise the question as to the right of individual protest. I am ready to face that question. Individual action must finally be determined by individual judgment, but the state itself must assume the right of

HERE AND OVER THERE

self-protection, and in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people the voice of final authority is the concrete voice of the people.

One of the fundamental errors in the utterance of the "conscientious objector" is the assumption expressed or implied that he alone is conscientious. It is to be remembered that the other units that together constitute the state may also reasonably be regarded as conscientious, and the conscientious insistence upon the carrying out of the policy of the government should not be stopped by any so-called conscientious objection, which in many instances is and has been simply the utterance of pro-Germanism. It is but brazen effrontery for a little group in such a nation as this to claim the monopoly of conscience, and where the claim is expressed it is folly upon the part of the majority to recognize or yield to it.

If there shall be one to rise anywhere to say in the presence of Almighty God,

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“My duty is there rather than here, and my duty is this rather than that,” I shall not attempt to dispute the foundation of his word, though I should say that in that instance the state, for the maintenance of itself, must deal with him who sets himself against the authority of the state. And it appears to me that if conscience is conscience, and if faith is faith, and if reverence and obedience to God is what it assumes to be, there must be the same acceptance of the penalty of disobedience of the established rule of the state as in the case of the prophets who have gone before us.

I have seen those trenches that scar the breast of beautiful France. I have been under the Austrian fire on those beautiful plains of Italy. I have seen that rusted barbed wire entanglement running over those hills. I have seen the solitary graves, and the graves where multitudes lie buried. I have seen your own sons over there since some of you

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saw them last. They are depending on you in America, even as you are depending on them. They need the cheery letters, the words of encouragement which you can send them. And I pray you, men and women of America, that there shall be no half-heartedness here, but that we shall see the thing as it is; that we shall see flowering in our heart of hearts the great ideal of Almighty God, and shall give answer to it in a great and grave fashion these days, and so spur our boys on to win the victory for which they are ready to give their lives. This is the day, when looking over the seas and failing, it may be, to discern the brightness of our Lord's shining face through the battle smoke, this is the day when you and I must walk the paths to which He pointed us and say the word that He put upon our lips and offer ourselves in unhesitating devotion to the great tasks of humanity and world-service.

AMERICA

V

OUR FLAG

IN the great cathedral in the city of Rouen there is a chapel, and over the altar of the chapel some flags are draped. The flag of Belgium is there, the flag of England, the flag of France, and the flag of Italy; and then another flag, a fifth flag, and the fifth flag is at the center of the group; and the flag in the center over that altar in the Cathedral of Rouen is the Stars and Stripes of our own United States! As one looks at it he instinctively exclaims: "Is it possible, is it possible, that Europe has placed our banner in such a position as that? Is it to be dreamed that such a parable as that is uttered here? Is it possible that this nation that is weary with the conflict of these years has placed that banner over the very altar

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before which it bows in prayer, that those that bow in prayer may lift their eyes from that prayer and see our flag at the center of the group representing the human resources for the remedying of the world's great wrong?" So it is. So it is. The manhood and the womanhood of France are kneeling before that altar, and when they raise their eyes in their moments of supreme devotion they are looking with eyes of gratitude and with eyes of faith upon the symbol of your land and of my land. It is a marvelous thing that France has put our flag in the center of that group of flags, and we may be absolutely certain that such a thing as that does not come to pass by any mere accident. Shall we not believe that somehow or other the hand that put it there was the hand of prophecy? Shall we not believe that those who rise from prayer and look upon it are exercising the hope that America will make good, and shall we not further believe that by the good providence of God

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our flag there in the center of the group is significant of the part America shall surely play in the bringing this tragedy of the ages to its ultimate conclusion?

And America is doing all in her power to bring to pass that which we are all hoping and praying for. Our boys over there are ready to give their lives, if need be, for the flag they love and for the ideals it symbolizes.

The nation upon the threshold of the day of peril feels the thrill of a new unity. Those who have been born beneath the flag and those who have left the old lands for the new, will stand together in their defense of the flag and the institutions which it represents. Yesterday our eyes may have been dimmed, but to-day we see that the flag under the protection of which we were born or beneath which we have chosen our dwelling place deserves and shall have our loyal support, our love, our fortune, and, if need be, life itself. The God of the nations has spoken to us.

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Jesus Christ the great Redeemer, the divine Brother of men, beckons us. It is a new age toward which we face, and in the name of God and humanity we must resolutely, loyally stand with the President of the United States in every word and act in defense of the flag and realization of the nation's destiny. God save the nation and make America a blessing to the whole world!

OUR FLAG¹

Wave, flag of freedom, wave! The sun
which lights thee
Long ago beheld the marching forth of
honest men by worthy leaders led
'gainst
Power and dominion; beheld their un-
faltering zeal until
The insolent assertion of the crown gave
way and at
Yorktown came surrender of the claim
held by the patriot heart intoler-
able.

¹ Permission of the New York Tribune.

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Wave, flag of freedom, wave! The stars
which watch thee saw

The campfires of those fateful days
when valorous men in blue and
gray

Made battle for the faith which each
confessed, and fought until

While reverberating thunders shook
the earth, the prison doors swung
open

And a race marched forth to sing the
song of freedom

As only they can sing whose limbs have
felt the galling chains of slavery,

And then the sword was sheathed and
peace came, and the storm clouds
fled.

The sword had written large what the
pen had failed in writing legibly—

The North, the South, the East, the
West, henceforth forever one and
indivisible.

Wave, flag of freedom, wave! While
ever great Virginia's

HERE AND OVER THERE

Greatest son in peace and war, still

First to us, looks down

On flag and nation unashamed, seeing
valor and discretion still

With honor bound indissolubly as in
the days of old.

Or while from glory's height that other
face looks down

With deep-set eyes, and lines of care
upon that brow which

Never needed crown of gold to make it
kingly,

While ever Lincoln can look down and
see the nation grown so great in
all

Material things, holding its own high
place among the nations—

Wave, flag of freedom, wave!

Wave, flag of freedom, wave! While
all the winds that blow—

Rude winds that ride the furious bil-
lows, or gentle winds that come
from

Making love with orchards in blossom

AMERICA

and gardens beautiful—while all
the winds

Tell to thee that weary men are pray-
ing and heartsick women,

That all the homeless folk long pit-
eously for home;

Or while the winds come freighted
with

The whispered hopes of those who
trembling under the cruel

Hand of unsated power yet dare to
hope—

So long as weary hearts shall turn to
thee with yearning, and thou shalt
send to them

Thy cheer, thy gospel of the equal
chance, the pledge of chivalrous
power to

Weakness everywhere—so long as thou
shalt claim

The redeemer's part in the sublime ad-
venture of succoring the needy,

Wave, flag of freedom, wave!

But if the day shall come when, with

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conscienceless wealth or sullen
poverty or braggart might
Or cringing cowardice, we should for-
get the good old days,
Or bodies satisfied should outlive the
soul's unselfish passion,
Or strength should reckon as its com-
pelling task the guardianship
Of self, or on land the fainting should
cry unheard,
Or on sea the sinking should stretch
forth pitiful hand unseen,
Or if the winds which bring appeal
should wait and wait
And then go back to say, "There is no
flutter of its folds,
It does not see, it does not hear; We
searched, but
Could not feel one heart-throb"; or if
the winds that bring the
Cry from any land should carry back
the message—
"Yes, the fluttering of the folds declared
the old flag heard, but still there
was

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No bending of the staff, no tugging at
the halyards, as though it struggled
to bring answer"—

Should there come an hour when the
face of Washington would sadly
turn away,

Or Lincoln's great heart break again—
if anguish such as that can come to
the immortals—

If ever there should come a day when
crimson stood for shame and not
for sacrifice,

When white betokened pallied indeci-
sion rather than radiant righteous-
ness,

Or blue seemed more the sign of fear
than truth,

Or if the stars upon the field so far for-
got the burden of Key's ancient
song,

So lost the flashing splendor of great-
heartedness

That all the blazing stars of heaven
among which the immortals dwell

HERE AND OVER THERE

Should look upon the stars for which
the immortals strove,

Despising them, counting their very
presence an offense—

If such a day should come—Ah, then!
Ah, then!—

But, O, it must not be. Nor wealth, nor
poverty, nor

Pride, nor fear, nor glamour of allure-
ment, nor shadow of discouragement,

Nor vagarious dream confusing state
craft, nor the

Delusive cry, "All's well!" Even as the
lookout sights

Tumultuous breakers with the jagged
rocks ahead,

Nor the bewildering message of false
prophets, who smile and cannot
frown,

Who never knew the majesty of sinless
wrath, and

Greet with equal warmth the false and
true;

False prophets who discern no scepter,

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who ne'er have looked upon the
great white throne—
Nor one nor all must blind thee to high
destiny
Nor rob thee of the glory consummate,
the glory of guiding the storm-
tossed home.
The glory of unmeasured wrath against
foul wrong,
The glory of unceasing sacrifice for all
men's good—
Such be thy glory:—
The glory of the pure and true, who
rather
Than live on and on, with cowardly en-
durance of dishonor,
Or with mere mumbling protest feeble
and soon forgot—
Would hazard all and gladly welcome
death, if so must be,
With hands unstained would beckon
death,
Would laugh at death with that fine
scorn which only hearts courageous
know.

HERE AND OVER THERE

O, flag of freedom, with thy promise of
new dwelling place for men

Vaster than the old and statelier,

Wave until the fluttering flags of all
the nations signal thee

That brotherhood at last holds sway,

That love and equal laws and peace
dwell everywhere

Seeking the blessing of the God of
Hosts.

May all thy sons—e'en though in
speech or memory

Fond trace of far off lands remain—

May all thy sons—whene'er the call
shall come—

Rise to defend thee, swearing their love,
their fortune and their lives for
thee.

Wave for a thousand years,

O, flag of freedom, wave!

AMERICA

VI

THE TASK OF THE MEN OF THE Y. M. C. A.

THERE is a great work being done by the men of the Y. M. C. A. these days. As you think of what these men are doing there comes to your mind the parable of the good Samaritan.

In that picture portrayed by the Great Master there was a man in trouble, and a certain priest passed near enough to see him and then went by on the other side. Then there followed the Levite, and he comes near enough to see what happened, and he too passes by on the other side. Then comes the man of whom nothing practically is expected; the man who, if he passed by on the other side, would have given the reporters in the Jerusalem dailies no possibilities for head-

HERE AND OVER THERE

lines. But he disappoints those who might have expected him to exhibit the attitude of inconsiderateness, for he stops and goes over to see what the trouble is, and then he uses the means appropriate to the end desired. He doesn't waste his oil and wine by pouring it in and then going on his way, but he justifies the initial expenditure of time and resources by lifting the wounded man on his own beast and taking him to the inn, then he makes his subscription by paying in advance all that is demanded. He meets the immediate obligation and mortgages the future by saying that whatever else is expended in the care of this man shall be paid when he came back.

At this present moment you have a highway on which the world must move. On that highway is one who has been met and foully dealt with, and you have the conception of the ministering spirit come to offer to that troubled and wounded traveler the best he has. We

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have been thinking very much of that traveler, not of the long ago, but of our own day. He represents so many aspects of life. Wounded and half dead, he represents a type of life in this day of ours in which intellect and faith are stricken and wounded; in which a great soul, with its eagerness, with its receptiveness, with its possibilities, has been not only staggered, but prostrated on the way and is not able to rise.

And the men of the Y. M. C. A. believe tremendously in the obligation which is upon us at this moment of all moments to interpret the unseen world; to help this staggered and prostrated man to rise again, and go on his way again gaining strength at each step of the way. To us this traveler, wounded and prostrate, fairly represents the physical life of the twentieth century that has been so foully dealt with in our day. This traveler on the way represents nations with their multitudes in dire distress; represents the physical

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anguish that has been occasioned in our day and generation by the atrocities of a national robber and murderer on the world's highway.

We must think of the Y. M. C. A. as functioning not only in intellectual and spiritual matters, as it must do for the encouragement and restoration of faith, but we must think of it also as ministering to the physical suffering and need of the world to-day. It is by such service in the hospitals, in the camps and trenches, in the ambulances, in the rehabilitation of towns that the Y. M. C. A. is bringing light and cheer to multitudes who have been physically maimed and torn.

Comparing the great conflict over there with this parable of our Master, it would seem that the men of the Y. M. C. A. are over there to minister to the good Samaritan of our day as represented in our great army, the army that is ready to take up the cause of suffering humanity and vanquish the robber

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and despoiler on the great highway of the world, thus making the highway safe for those who shall come after us. That is precisely what I understand to be the function of the men of the Y. M. C. A. in going over to France—to stand by the good Samaritan.

The men of the Y. M. C. A. are not going over the seas to fight the battles of America as their representatives in khaki are doing, and as our Allies are doing, but they are going to stand beside this good Samaritan as he assumes and undertakes a difficult task under new conditions; they are going to help him in every way possible so that he may accomplish that task which to him is as holy a task as the good Samaritans in any age of the world's history have ever undertaken.

It was during a service in a Y. M. C. A. hut that we heard for the first time the song.

“Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.”

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It sounds a bit pathetic to hear our boys singing over there, but they weren't singing with any throb in their throats. They were singing with just the sort of fine spirit you would like to see in the boys of America.

How many men here are really good at packing things up? Most men when it comes to packing, are quite ready to let their wives and sisters do it, and if they are compelled to do the packing up themselves, they wonder if it would not be a good thing to have four or five hands, especially if there are many things to get into that suitcase or trunk. For just when you think you have everything squeezed in something bulges out. Did you ever observe anything like it? But if you have somebody's hand to help you, you can release yourself and sit on the old kit bag, or suitcase, or trunk. When it comes to packing up your troubles in your old kit bag, that is a thing that most of us haven't undertaken. To pack up your

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troubles! Perhaps you think you can pack one or two, but when it comes to packing them all in, I don't believe that any of us here would succeed in getting them in the old kit bag, unless standing very near was that White Comrade of whom the inhabitants of France so constantly speak. And we need that Divine Helper if we are going to pack all our troubles in the old kit bag, and smile while we do it. I don't mean the smile of fun, a smile that has no special significance, but I mean the kind of smile that Donald Hankey speaks of in *The Beloved Captain*. The smile that comes into life when the Comrade in White draws near and abides in the citadel of one's soul. We have read those wonderful pages of the men who were lost and found, and how at last they went West, with all the glory of the sunset full in their faces, smiling at death as they went out. And I have a notion somehow or other that it has come to men by the multitudes over there that

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the consciousness of having given themselves utterly to a great cause has been the avenue of courage through which trembling souls draw near to the Divine Lord. One cannot quite believe that the going West means simply the delirious forgetfulness of present fact, and the anguish of the wound received yesterday. It must also be that those who have consciously surrendered all that they have for the sake of humanity, looked up as they went out and saw the smiling face of Him who wrought for us, and fought for us, and died for us. One of the greatest things that the Young Men's Christian Association is doing over there, and one of the things which we must be constantly praying for over here is that there shall be among our men over there that sense of mastery, that victory over suffering that shall enable them to smile the sort of manly smile that would befit Him who is chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.

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Again, it is a part of the function of the Young Men's Christian Association to discover the troubles that do not have to be carried at all, and to see that those troubles are left behind. There are troubles that are met outside one's life. A great many of them these days bear on their southwest corner the mark "Made in Germany." Troubles for humanity that we are trying little by little, in the large and in the small, to keep wrapped up. And the Young Men's Christian Association helps, as best it may, in respect to this.

But the greatest troubles, the troubles that fret and worry, are homemade troubles, the sort of troubles that men make for themselves. And that is what Y. M. C. A. men out there in France will be facing from first to last, and their time and their energy will be occupied in the correction and the destruction of such troubles. Troubles intellectual; troubles that grow out of the habits of life; troubles that grow out of the feeble-

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ness of the soul, and the handicap of previous conditions; troubles that grow out of the newness and strangeness of the conditions in which men find themselves. And the purpose of the physical helps, the recreational helps, the intellectual helps, the moral helps, and the spiritual helps, brought to the army by the Y. M. C. A. is to aid this man to rightly handle his varied troubles and fit him for the task he has in hand.

Now, if that man is really to be helped, someone must keep by him. It isn't sufficient merely to have a theory and philosophy of life; it isn't sufficient to have the theory of the faith; there must be a practical knowledge of the faith, and there must be the actual approach to the very citadel of this man's confidence, if we are to bring him in touch with that great Comrade in White.

There are a few things that are quite essential in this process that is set before you. I think it would be an ex-

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ceedingly unfortunate thing if there were no ministry to that man who is fighting with the force of might as the force of might fights against civilization and humanity; if there were any lack of sympathy with him in the task that occupies his hands. The one thing that is characteristic of the Association as the Association is known over there and over here, is that the Young Men's Christian Association is qualified by reason of its apprehension of the facts and by reason of its interpretation of the spirit of the Master to stand beside the men in khaki in an absolutely red-blooded sympathy.

It is highly significant that the spirit of the Association is of so fine a type that General Pershing seems unhesitant and unlimited in his readiness to commit great tasks to the Association. If there is anyone on this side of the seas who assumes even to put an interrogation after the Association, the practical answer to such an objection is the attitude of the

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great commander over there. There can be no question but that General Pershing is doing all he can do to maintain the morals and morale of the American army. In this the nation rejoices and rejoices too to feel that the commander of our expeditionary forces is striving to meet not only the expectations of our people but also the expectation of Almighty God.

The Y. M. C. A. men are over there to stand beside the champion of human liberty. They are over there to strengthen the hand and make courageous the heart of this chivalrous representative not only of civilization, but of Christianity; this representative of our manhood, and also this representative of our Divine Master. And they must keep close to him and touch his life constantly with their own deep conviction as to the justice of the cause to which he is giving the last full measure of devotion.

It is a wonderful task to which the

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men of the Y. M. C. A. go. It is altogether so. There is no eight-hour day in the Association over there. There is no bomb-proof job in the Association over there. I haven't discovered many eight-hour days for any really red-blooded soul participant in what is transpiring over there or here. I really don't have many of them myself.

There is a great deal that doesn't have any peculiar glamour about it when you really get at it. A good part of it is the prosaic sort of task that puts a rough edge on nerves, but it is a task from first to last that is to-day and forever glorified. When there is a consciousness that all one has and is goes into the task, and that it is done for His sake, and for the sake of the world He loved, and for this common man whom civilization has agreed to befriend this day, then the task is greatly worth while. It is the sort of task that any strong-winged angel of God would be glad to take, and would gladly exchange the

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heights of joy yonder for the dusty highways of earth, that he might have share in the redemptive work of this present day.

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VII

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

IT will be a great day when the boys come home—the boys that went as boys, but are coming back battle-scarred and bronzed men. It will be a great day down at the great docks when those sons and lovers and husbands and fathers and brothers come leaping down the gangplank to throw their arms about the neck of mother and of father. I don't know whether I should want to be there or not to see your boy come, for there is such sacredness in that touch of lip to lip. There is such almost infinite pathos and suggestiveness in the tears that dim the eyes on glad days of reunion. I know what will be the first thing that mother eyes and that father eyes or sweetheart's eyes will say. You

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will look into the face of your boy and ask, unconsciously, the question: "My boy, did you come back just as you went away? Were you fit? Did you play the man? Did you do your bit?" And when those great wide-open eyes of son, or husband, or lover, or brother make their answer, and you will catch the answer, almost unconsciously you will catch the answer, then it will be the turn of your son, your lover, your brother, to look into your face and ask the same question: "Mother, father, wife, sweetheart, did you play the game? Did you play the game? Were you as true to this great, holy enterprise of the ages as you expected me to be? Father, mother, wife, sweetheart, did you keep the home fires burning, the fires of love, and faith, and patriotism and devotion? Did you keep the home fires burning?" And when his face says "Yes" to you and your face says "Yes" to him, O the tenderness of the embrace! It will be worth living years and years, and suf-

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fering years and years to have your goblet filled to the brim with the blushing wine of gladness.

When your boys come home! You have been reading the story of the war day after day, haven't you, and know something of the anxiety of hearts when things looked blackest and how your heart gladdened when word came that the line was still being held. But we know too that somewhere in France, there are scores and hundreds and thousands of the sons of Great Britain and of France lying with their faces turned up toward the stars. They have gone over the top. They have gone out. I pray God that they may also have gone in. I do not know what it shall tell tomorrow. But I think, and I am assured of myself as I say to you what I think. I think that we should be praying, as perhaps none of us have ever prayed, and that we should pray at this very moment and through this night, and through these days, for this that is hap-

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pening across the seas may be the most pregnant happening of human history apart from Bethlehem and Calvary. We do not know what the story will be. But we know this pretty well—that the boys will not all come home. What then? What then? This: that if they shall do their bit, they may not come home, but they will go home, thank God, and it will be a better house than ever they could come to over here, and it will be a more beautiful land than any they could see this side of the seas. They will be going home, please God. We will be going home too, by and by, and in the presence of the King we will meet them. We will be looking into their faces, conquerors crowned by that Great Conqueror who by his conquest purchased the right to diadem believers of all lands and of all centuries.

And I pray, men and women of America, do our best, do our bit, and keep the home fires burning, the fires of faith, and love, and prayer and

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loyalty to the old flag and loyalty to Jesus Christ. Keep the home fires burning, so that on that morrow when we enter into the city of the King, they will be glad to see us and we will be glad to see them, and their story will be the story of a task well done, and our story will be the story also of a task well done.

It was a day or two after Mr. Choate's great address in New York that Mr. Balfour was returning to England, and Mr. Choate, full of years and honors, one of the most distinguished of America's citizens, grasped his hand and said as he held it, "Mr. Balfour, good-by. We shall meet again to celebrate the victory." And Mr. Balfour went on his way to England, and a few hours afterward Mr. Choate fell on sleep and passed into the eternals. But we believe that they are to meet again, and that they are to celebrate the victory.

Men and women of America, let us place ourselves anew on the altar of

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humanity and on the altar of God. Let us with a great devotement dedicate ourselves anew to the task which in the providence of God falls to our lot in this sad but high day of the world's history, and let us wholly resolve to be with the men who fight the good fight in all the land and keep the faith—men over the seas and by our side. Then, when the boys come home somewhere here, or somewhere there, we shall all celebrate the victory.

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VIII

PRAYERS IN WAR TIME

O LORD GOD, give courage to the men that are on the battle front to-day for thee and for humanity. O Lord God, put the tender hands of thy love upon the wounded on the field. May those who die see not the sodden field, but may they, rather, see the open gate and Him who having triumphed waits to welcome those who overcome. O Lord God, give success to the armies of our allies. We cry unto thee. We wait before thee. It seems to us that destiny is in the balance. O, we know that thou art upon the field when thou art most invisible. O Master Divine, with thy power appear unto us and undertake in behalf of this poor stricken world of ours to give wisdom unto the President of the United States, and those associ-

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ated or allied with him in rule or in leadership, and give to the citizens of this nation of ours the moral persuasion of the right, and the readiness to accept the opportunity which the days bring, and may we by word and act certify our sympathy with men, and our love of Almighty God, and our readiness to obey him in the service of our day and generation. Grant unto us forgiveness for all the sins of the past, acceptance in Jesus Christ, strength for journey and task, courage for battle, and coronation after the battle is over, and the day of peace shall have come. We ask it, with a special blessing upon our own brothers, and sons, and lovers over there, in Jesus' name. Amen.

LORD JESUS, let thy blessing be upon us, we beseech thee. Tempted as we are, prone as we are to turn aside from the things that are right and true, the

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things that are lovely, the things that shall be compelling to conscience, and to faith. O may we ever see, even when we come to thee wearied and disappointed in ourselves, may we ever see that look of pity and of love upon the face of the Master. O blessed Master, in these days may our faith fail not, may we never, never be tempted to think that God has forgotten men; and if there ever shall come to us temptation to such a thought, may we remember that he who has seen the Son has seen the Father. Let thy blessing be upon our homes and upon sons and brothers over seas to-night, and those that stand beside them on the line of battle, standing for the good Christ, standing for this Lover of Man, and the men whom he has loved. O be with them there. Protect them, if it may so be, from harm, but if any fall upon the field, let them fall in the comfortable assurance that the Christ of the ages is smiling upon them, and that for them there waits that habitation

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in the city of mansions, in the homes of the overcomers. And we do beseech thee, Lord God, to grant victory to our allies, that stand for thee and for humanity. Grant thy wondrous guidance and cheer unto us every one, and lead us through the days and years until by the infinite grace of God, the tender compassion of Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the gracious ministry of the Spirit, there shall come at length that unity of believers here in which God shall be glorified, and all the world be blessed. We ask it for His name's sake. Amen.

O JESUS, Master, help us in this hour of life so to look into thy face that we may understand the meaning of thy word, the power of thy life. There are weary hearts here to-day, O blessed Master. We cannot see thee, and yet thou art not far from us, and thou wouldst have us by faith lean hard with

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all our burdens and all our cares upon the bosom of our Lord in this hour. We are here with our perplexities, and thou wouldst have us bring them unto thee. We are going out into the world to be tested by shadow and the darkness. We are going to be tested as we see love assaulted by revilings, as we see the very soul of truth assaulted by unrighteousness and wrong. O Master Divine, whatever others of thy disciples shall do, however boastful they may have been, however utterly disappointing they may have been, grant, O blessed Master, that our faith shall not fail. May there come no moment when we shall say, "But I do not know him." May there come no hour, whatever be the pressure laid upon us, when for gold or for honor, or for aught that earth or hell can promise us, we shall be untrue to thee. O steady us by the remembrance of thy love, by the picture of the vision in which we have been privileged to lean on thy bosom, by the recognition

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of thy power reaching out through all the years, help us to be true. O Lord God, we pray this day that where hearts are sorrowing and where the farewell word is spoken, somehow there may be the consciousness of divine guidance, and somehow may there come to hearts distraught the comfort of thy assured presence and love. The vision of the garden, but, O blessed Master, after the garden, the sunrise! After the betrayal and the agony of it, the glory of life, so may we through dreariest ways look forward to the dawn of the great day, and in the consciousness of our weakness as the earth trembles beneath us, in the presence of the world's agony as the world is sobbing about us this day, may there come to us the assurance of the day dawn and the smiling heavens and the gladsome thrill of the Master.

We tarry, O Lord God, to pray for thy blessing upon the nation and upon thy servant, the President of the United States, upon our army and upon our

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navy and upon the allied forces this day upon the battle line. O Lord God, give wisdom to those who lead, give courage to those who stand upon the battle line for thee and for humanity this day, and we do beseech thee, Almighty God, to bring in right speedily the day of victory, hastening thy abiding peace, which can rest only when right has vanquished wrong. Hasten the day, we beseech thee, and all that we ask for ourselves, for our homes and for our land and for our brothers over the seas, and for this sobbing world, we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

O JESUS, Master, is it true that any heart to-day is wondering where thou art? Is it true that any life has sought to bear the burden, has sought to pursue the journey, has sought to fight the great battle, has looked around sometimes and wondered where the Master

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really is? O Lord of life, may there never be wanting the remembrance of thy words of tenderness, may there never, never be forgotten even in the hours that most test our faith the assurance of thy presence, of thy love, of thy power and of thy gentleness. Even in moments when our faith does not seem to see or hear, may we be still steady in our faith that thou art not far away, that thou art still living, that thou art still loving, and while faith may not seem to see to-day with that quickening of consciousness that shall lift the soul to heights of joy, may faith be without wavering and await the evidence of thy presence, even as in the moments of its testing it rests upon the certainty of thy nearness.

O Master divine, quicken, we beseech thee, the faith of the nation and of the nations to-day. May the hearts that are struggling most these days grip God the more eagerly, saying again and again, "I do not see him, but I believe

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in him; I do not hear him, but he is not far away"; and as Captain of our salvation it shall be but a little while when we shall see his crown of authority and shall see his scepter of rule, and we shall hear him speaking to the troubled waters of our day, saying, 'Peace, be still.' O Master divine, whether we shall see or hear or whether we fail to see and hear in any adequate and ecstatic fashion to-day, help us to pursue the paths of life with uttermost devotion and unwavering loyalty to Jesus Christ our Lord, absolutely faithful to the trust he committed to us long time ago. When we do not see the flashing crown upon the battlefield may we be ready to adventure in his behalf and in behalf of those whom He intrusted to the strong for defense and for support.

O Jesus, Master, grant that no one of us shall go to the home or to the place of business with decadent faith, faltering or shaken faith, but may we go with calm and undisturbed confidence,

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and may we walk with steady tread as those whom yesterday the dear Lord kissed and those whom to-morrow at the daybreak he shall greet with all the effulgent radiance of his risen glory. O Lord God, bless those who are over the seas, give to them confidence and peace of thy presence; give to those who suffer and to those who sorrow the assurance of thy compassion and love, and all the way through the shadowed days of the nation's hour, though it be as dark as midnight, lead us through until the morning shall break and the sun shall come again. We ask for pardon for our sins for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

